

Pillow Talk by TheAddict4Dramatics

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Summary: "I forgot how good you are at that." And he laughed gently when that seemed to make her blush even more and bury her head in the pillow slightly. She certainly hadn't been bashful before or during their consummation. - Completely plotless, fluff filled, post-sex Joyce/Hopper pillow talk.

Pillow Talk

Disclaimer: Nothing belongs to me except the mistakes as this is un-beta'd.

Author's note: In my head this takes place right after the final chapter of another fic I have published on this site called 'Time After Time'. But seeing as this is pretty plotless fluff it's not necessary to have read that first – though by all means check it out if you fancy it.

Happy reading.

Pillow Talk

Hopper let out a long, satisfied sigh. His heart was still racing from their recent activities and his head was thinking about a million things all at once. He placed a hand over his face momentarily to try and calm himself down. The truth was he was feeling, well rather *overcome*. He couldn't remember the last time he had had sex with someone that he actually cared about, someone that he loved, but it had been years. It had been Diane, back in the city before Sara got really sick. She had flinched every time he had touched her after Sara. And then she had left. He'd forgotten how intense, how breathtaking it could be when you had a real, emotional connection with the person too.

He chanced a sideward glance to Joyce who was also breathing hard beside him. She was on her side, turned towards him and watching him with an uncertain expression. He offered her a genuine smile and to his surprise she blushed in response.

"I forgot how good you are at that." And he laughed gently when that seemed to make her blush even more and bury her head in the pillow slightly. She certainly hadn't been bashful before or during their consummation.

'Harder... more... please... yes!' He smirked as he remembered some of her vocal encouragements.

He'd slept with her before of course. In fact they'd spent a lot of time

in their late teens doing little else but fooling around with each other. She had been a revelation then too. She hadn't been his first but one of his firsts and so much more than any of his other early experiences. But then he had been in love with her then as well and utterly overawed when he looked at her too just as he was now.

"And you still do that thing..." He trailed off, more than aware he was grinning like an idiot at the memory.

"Oh god, what thing!" She exclaimed in response, sounding embarrassed before she even knew what he was talking about.

"You always tell me when you're about to come. As if I'm not going to be able to work it out on my own." He teased her gently but she reddened at his comment and brought both hands up to cover her face. She looked mortified and he couldn't help but smile. "You used to do it when we were kids too. It's the cutest damn thing."

"Stop it!" She groaned from behind her hands. But he had absolutely no intention of doing that.

"Do you do that with everyone or is that just reserved for me?"

She brought her hands away from her face slowly, her cheeks were still glowing with embarrassment but he could interpret her silent answer none the less. A look entirely too smug spread over his face in response.

She hadn't even realised she'd done it. She'd been too far gone by that point to have any control over what she did or said and it was true only he seemed to be able to affect her in quite that way. She hadn't had a plethora of sexual partners since their days of fooling around together in high school like Hop had. There'd been Lonnie obviously and more recently Bob and a couple of other drunken and regretful one night stands in between. With Lonnie there'd been plenty of passion, a thinly veiled anger that was present in every part of their relationship but no real emotional connection. Bob was the complete opposite – loving, caring, gentle and with a very definite real connection but not a huge amount of passion. Hopper somehow managed to combine the two in a way that made her entire world spin off of its axis. It had been the same in high school, that's why

they kept falling back into bed together despite all of the arguments they had in between. But then he had left Hawkins and she figured that was it and moved on. Though she'd never found anyone else that seemed to be able to read her so well in the bedroom since.

He was still looking at her with that goofy, shit-eating grin on his face as she rolled her eyes at him.

"I'm never sleeping with you again." She told him firmly but he only continued to grin.

"Yeah, we'll see about that." He still looked entirely too self-satisfied for his own good and she blushed yet again as she admitted to herself that he was right – she'd let him do that to her again anytime he wanted. And she had a few things she'd like to do him too.

He let the smile fade from his face slowly and naturally. He turned on his side so he was facing her, they were close but not touching. Hopper let his eyes wander up her naked body. They'd been in a hell of a rush before but they'd still managed to shed each other of all clothing before they got down to business and now her bedroom floor was littered with the evidence of it. This time her blush seemed to start at her chest and work its way up her body, following the line of his vision. When he reached her eyes he could sense the unease there. A feeling that was demonstrated a moment later as she reached for the sheet under her legs and pulled it up to cover herself.

"Don't do that." He told her softly as his hand caught the sheet and held it away from her. She didn't let go as her eyes dropped and she refused to look at him. He hated the idea that she wasn't comfortable enough to be naked in front of him. Especially as he thought she was the most gorgeous thing to have ever walked the planet and just wanted to lay and stare at her all night. "You realise I've already seen everything right? In case you've forgotten – we literally just had sex." He hoped the teasing might relax her.

"That's different. You were seeing me in the heat of the moment, in the throes of passion. This is the cold reality now." Her tone was as serious as his had just been playful. He gave her a strange look she couldn't quite read but she thought he looked hurt in some way. "The last time you saw me naked properly was over twenty years ago

when I was young and I hadn't had two children. I look different now, *worse*." She explained self-consciously.

"Not from where I'm lying." She finally raised her eyes to look at him as he continued. "You look exactly the same to me. You're still utterly gorgeous... and still a little too much for me in the sack." It her was her turn to give him a strange look. "Honest to god, you almost just killed me. I'm not eighteen anymore either. I'm going to need a week just to recover!" Thankfully his joke worked and produced a small but genuine smile.

"Well hopefully it won't take you quite that long to recover."

He raised his eyebrows at the coy suggestiveness of her statement and she smiled again, more confident this time. He pulled at the sheet and she let it fall from her fingers, revealing herself completely once more. She stilled looked slightly apprehensive so he reached forward and brought her into him, her small body tucking into his perfectly with an unpractised ease. She sighed in contentment against his chest – he'd take that as a win.

"We'll have to get up before the kids tomorrow, make it look like you stayed on the couch." Joyce yawned after several long minutes of comfortable silence in which they had both become drowsy in the post-coital lull.

He smiled into the top of her head. Will and Jane were young but they weren't stupid, Will in particular would know something was up. Not to mention the fact that Jonathan would return at some point during the night and see his blazer parked outside and him very definitely not on the couch. But if that's all it took to stop her kicking him out of her bed then he was all for it.

"Okay, sure." He agreed quietly. He leant down and placed a lingering kiss against her hairline as way of saying goodnight.

"With any luck after a few hours sleep you'll be feeling energetic enough to let me exhaust you all over again." She teased, her breath tickling the slight hair on his chest. Somehow she found it much easier to flirt ridiculously with him when she wasn't looking at his face. His hearty laugh in response was enough to convince her she

hadn't just made a fool of herself saying such a thing.

"Sweetheart, you can exhaust me any time you goddamn please."

She might just have to hold him to that.